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NETHERSIDE HALL,

WHARFDALE, YORKSHIRE.

I have brought the tourist* back to Grassington, that I might take him along the other side of the dale; but before he proceeds on his journey, he must accompany me to Lithe House, near Grassington; from the terrace in front of this romantically placed abode, is a most extensive panoramic view of mountain scenery: below is the River Wharf, winding through a deep valley, at the foot of a range of lofty hills, in whose hollows are several villages and solitary farm-houses. The geological formation of the country exhibits some remarkable features; and the scientific observer will no doubt draw on his imagination to account for the singular appearance presented by a series of small round hills immediately beneath the mountains, and which, at irregular distances, extend for several miles. The largest of them is called Elbōton; they are all formed of the blue limestone, are filled with organic remains, and rest on a bed of sandstone. The mountain chain above them is gritstone. An observer of these remarkable hills might suppose, that by some tremendous convulsion of nature they had been detached from the upper range; but the difference of formation shows that this is not the case. On one side of Elbōton is a chasm, called Knave Knoll Cave, where several human skeletons have been discovered; how they came there is a mystery; the bones were found in a very perfect condition; but the preservative quality of an atmosphere impregnated with lime would tend to retard the progress of decay. A medical gentleman, from the inspection and examination of a skull, was of opinion that its possessor had met with a violent death.

When Bloomfield sang the charms of Birnam-Water, the burden of his song was—

"Yet Birnam Water wants a shade;"

and the lover of nature, on gazing at the prospect before him here, will feel the same want. Gray, when he wrote of Craven, complained of the paucity of trees. Much, in the way of planting, has been done since the time of the English Pindar, and the district must wear a very different aspect to what it did seventy years ago; but still much remains to be done. In Craven there are a good many small landed proprietors, and there is no persuading these people that their estates would be im-

* Vide *Mirror*, vol. xxvii., p. 84.

proved by planting. Whenever you talk with them on the subject, the reply is, "pity to spoil good land by planting it." Now, if by this they mean that whatever land is planted cannot be appropriated to any other purpose, say grazing—certainly that is a truism about which there is no disputing! but if these good people wish to make us believe that the land adjoining that which is planted, would in consequence deteriorate, then I can assert that the very reverse is the fact; increased luxuriance and better pasturage is sure to follow on the steps of planting. The unprotected state of the land in the mountain districts of Craven exposes it to every blast, and vegetation is accordingly backward and stunted; once let the land have shelter, and the result will be better crops.

There are instances, and those not a few, of soil of so barren a nature, that it resisted every attempt at improvement, until a shelter had been formed, by planting an adjacent plot, when the nature of the soil became as it were completely changed, and the husbandman realized a profit from what for centuries had been almost valueless. Some of the inhabitants of Craven will tell you that trees will not grow there; and, strange as it may seem, I have heard such observations made by people standing opposite to a flourishing plantation;* so blind are we made by prejudice, as not even to trust our eyesight. Trees will grow in any part of England, if the proper kinds are selected.

The tourist could now continue his route of the Wharfe by following the road through Grasswood; but as the views from the road between Grassington and Coniston (the next village) are extremely confined, I should advise him to take the other side of the dale, and proceed by way of Threshfield, or by a shorter and pleasanter path through the fields. After crossing the bridge, besides "Our Lady's Well," (mentioned in my last communication,) we come to "Lady Well Cottage." This humble dwelling is of a picturesque appearance, but a grand specimen of the style of architecture prevalent in the older houses in the Craven villages; which houses form a striking contrast to the shabby nondescript modern ones that have arisen around them. The latter have a meagre, paltry look, and prove, that in whatever consists the superiority of the modern villagers to their forefathers, it certainly is not in their appreciation of architectural beauty.

About half a mile from the cottage through the fields is the neat village of Threshfield,† which may be said to be the grand besommart for the district. The village and neighbourhood abound with *manufacturers* of brooms and rods. Mr. Whackford Squeers would no doubt find much wherewith to amuse himself in such a locality, and perhaps might learnedly derive the name of the village from Thrash*field*. There is nothing, however, to detain the tourist in it, who (unless he has peculiar pleasure in travelling by a dusty cart-road) may from thence proceed to Kilnsay, by way of Skirethorns, from which latter place there is a footpath over very elevated ground; or he may retrace his steps along the Grassington road, and take the footpath which commences at a style on the left-hand side of the road, a short distance from "Lady Well Cottage." An arbitrary attempt was made a few years ago to close this footpath; and for no other reason, forsooth, than because an individual about to build a house fancied that a path through his twenty or thirty acres would interfere with *his* comforts. An order was obtained from the magistrates, the styles were walled up, and notices posted, breathing vengeance on trespassers. But the country people were not to be thus deprived of their rights—the notice-boards were pulled down, the styles were opened, and would-be aristocracy sustained a defeat.

There have been in the neighbourhood many similar attempts, and I am proud to say that some of them have been frustrated through my advice. I have always been an advocate for popular rights, and consider that where ancient footpaths exist, the people have as much right to *them* as the nobleman has to *his* castle. Many of these old field-ways had their origin in the feudal times, and were a sort of compromise between the tyrant lords and their vassals. When the lands to which all had free access were divided and apportioned amongst the retainers of the Norman monarch, to pacify the people in some degree for the abridgment of their privileges, a right of passing through lands by footpaths was conceded to them. Surely the present age, that boasts of its liberality, is not the one in which to deprive the community of *rights* they have enjoyed for centuries; rights conceded to them even in *barbarous* times. It may be as well, before I leave this subject, to remark, that by a recent enactment, no ancient footpath can be stopped without the consent of a vestry meeting.

The path which has caused the above remarks has always been a favourite one with the writer; it is carried along the edge of a high bank overlooking the Wharfe, the opposite side of the stream being the forest of Grasswood,* the trees of which extend to the very brink of the water.

The next object on this road is Netherside Hall, a modern building, of the Elizabethan order; it was erected by a gentleman of the

* The peat bogs of Wharfdale abound with remains of large trees; a proof that at some period Wakefield has had most extensive forests in every part of it.

† Linton, the village from whence the parish takes its name, is near Threshfield. Its Hospital, founded by one of the Fountain family, is said, I know not how truly, to have been erected by Inigo Jones. It is a handsome building of the sort.

* Mr. Montague met a countryman somewhere hereabouts, who told him he had once heard a nightingale in Grasswood! Depend upon it, Mr. M., it was a Dutch one—an owl!

name of Noel, but for some reason or other, after he had expended thousands on the house and gardens, he took a dislike to the place, and the mansion has consequently never been inhabited by any one except a servant. The grounds are, unfortunately, of small extent, otherwise the mansion would be a desirable country residence for any gentleman of fortune. Netherside Hall, now the property of the Rev. J. Robinson, is a most picturesque addition to the scenery of Wharfdale; and from whatever point we look upon it—from beneath its walls; from the opposite bank; from Grassington; or from any other part of the dale—it is certainly a beautiful object, a bright spot in an enchanting landscape. Any stranger can go through the interior for a trifling gratuity; it is well worthy of inspection; the view from the leads will amply repay the toil of the ascent. For the drawing of Netherside Hall, we are indebted to the Rev. J. P. Fearon, curate of Linton, who sketched it expressly for the *Mirror*.

(*To be continued.*) × × × V —

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ON SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S ASTROLABE,

IN THE PAINTED HALL, GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

BY MARY ANN CARTER,

Authoress of "The Deluge;" "The General Resurrection;" and other Poems.

ENRAPTURED I think on the might and the glory
That swell the proud annals of Britain's fair story,
The present is brilliant, the past is sublime;
And her greatness must flourish coeval with time.
By whose hand hath been placed such rich gems on her brow?
Who have hallowed the past—who emblazon her now?
The spirits of those whose bright deeds still proclaim
That, in honour immortal, enshrined is each name!
And where, 'midst the glorious host, shall we find
So gallant a heart, and so noble a mind;
Achievements so brilliant, and virtue so great,
Adding strength and renown both to people and state—
As in him who long wore near his valorous breast,
In the dark hours of danger—the moment of rest—
This relic so sacred, his oft-trusted guide,
O'er the waves of the ocean, through battle's red tide!
Can an eye then behold thee, thou trophy of old!
Thou pledge of past greatness and glories untold!
Nor brighten with joy and enthusiasm's fire,
Which the deeds of the hero should ever inspire?
Let the throb of wild rapture awake in each vein,
While we gaze on this relic again and again,
Which Time hath thus spared from his keen, grasping hand,
A memorial unfading—that ages must stand.
That to millions unborn will unceasing proclaim
The deeds and the virtue, the glory and fame,
Of him now enrolled in the hearts of the free,
Whose laurels unwithered for ever must be!
Of him who so nobly encompassed the world—
Whose courage our foes to destruction oft hurled,
'Midst the direst affrays, 'till the blood of the slain
Had crimson'd the waves of the fathomless main!
Whilst the spirit rejoices fresh trophies to rear
To him of so bright and untarnished career,
Yet a sigh must escape, that the ocean's lone wave
Should have closed o'er the dust of the glorious brave!*

* Sir Francis Drake died, 1596, on board his ship off Nombre de Dios, and was buried in the sea.

ANECDOTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

STRYPE, in his Church History, b. v. says, "I have heard that Queen Elizabeth, being informed that Dr. Pilkington, Bishop of Durham, had given ten thousand pounds in marriage with his daughter, and being offended that a Prelate's daughter should equal a princess in portion [*i. e.* herself, by Henry the Eighth's will], took away one thousand pound a-year from that Bishoprick, and assigned it for the better maintenance of the garrison of Berwick."

A RAMBLE THROUGH SHERWOOD.

(*Continued from page 207.*)

SITUATE on the outskirts of what was once the Forest of Sherwood, and retaining, to this day, many leafy nooks, and sweet clusters of woodland scenery, is the pretty town of Worksop,—interesting from its antiquity, and for the peculiar beauty of its noble and venerable church, towering above its quiet-looking homes. The Manor, late the residence of the Earl of Surrey, and long in the possession of the Dukes of Norfolk, is an extensive and beautiful residence, surrounded by a richly-wooded park; but the unpruned trees, neglected gardens, and closed windows, proclaim it to be at present without inhabitant. Before the Conquest, this place was in the possession of a Saxon noble; afterwards, the Furnivals, Nevilles, and Talbots of Shrewsbury, were, in turn, lords over it; lastly, the noble family of Howard held this Manor, and, from that circumstance, had the privilege of presenting a glove to the sovereign on the day of coronation. It is now the property of the Duke of Newcastle.

Worksop was formerly noted for its priory;—the present beautiful church has two lofty towers, and adjacent are the picturesque remains of a chapel formerly belonging to the priory, in the outward walls of which are eight windows, of the lancet-form, alone remaining. The space within is now used as a place of burial, and, over all, rank masses of vegetation—the bramble, the nettle, and the creeping ivy, find root amongst the grey stones, filling up the "chinks that time has made." The hoary gateway of the Monastery remains, and is converted into a school-room belonging to the church. In the serene calm of a summer's Sabbath morning, the mingled voices of children sweetly rise from this old relic, commencing the sacred day with one of those good old melodies, which never fail to sooth and exalt the mind, and raise the thoughts and affections beyond the narrow bounds of time. Here, beneath the long grass, reposes the dust of many a brave crusader, of whom the world retains no memory. "Thomas de Furnival," says an old Chronicle, "distinguished himself in the Holy Land; but incurring his mother's displeasure by suffering his brother's bones to remain in the land of the infidel, he went back

for them, and had them interred in the Priory of Worksop." But who would visit this vicinity without exploring the dark woods, the still waters, and the lovely gardens, in the enchanting vale of Newstead! Leaving the old town of Mansfield for some six miles, the road, through a somewhat dreary-looking country, presents a contrast to the scene which gradually unfolds as you enter upon what was the ancestral domain of the Byrons.

It is a richly-wooded valley; and, from a distance, the battlements of a small fortress on the banks of the lake, alone indicate that you are drawing near to the Abbey of Newstead, with all its associations of the lost and the gifted! If the day is cloudy, so much the better; for this place is all too solemn and thought-inspiring for the garish sunshine; and when you enter upon the secluded beauty of its green-terraced gardens, its whispering woods, and ever-gushing fountains, you bid farewell to the "working-day world;" your impressions are all apart from the busy hum of present things; you have shut out, for a brief period, the weary detail of ordinary events, and you resign yourself to the romantic charm of the scene. All that correct taste can effect has been done by the present possessor, Colonel Wildman, to preserve the antique aspect of the place, and in all the recent renovations, care has been taken that the new shall harmonize in strict keeping with the old. On approaching the massy porch, and ringing for admission, how vain is it to divest the scene of association with the memory of that wayward and gifted being, whose genius, despite its woeful perversion, has given to this "time-honoured" dwelling an enduring interest. How involuntarily does Fancy picture him the last of his race, coming, in the impetuous years of early youth, to this hoary home of his forefathers, and left, alas! without guide or monitor. How well do his own words express the peculiar desolation which surrounded him:—

"In the dome of my sires, as the clear moonbeam falls
Thro' silence and shade o'er its desolate walls,
It shines from afar, like the glories of old,
It gilds, but it warms not, 'tis dazzling, but cold.
And the step that o'er-echoes the grey floor of stone,
Falls sullenly now, for 'tis only my own;
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblet, and dreary the hearth.
And ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall,
Too hoary to fade, and too massy to fall;
It tells not of time's, or the tempest's decay,
But the wreck of the line that have held it in sway!"

The hall of entrance is low-browed; the groined arches and stone pillars, receding into dim distance, return the echo of your footsteps with startling distinctness: it is lighted by the moon-light gleam, from deeply-set painted windows. Here you may rest and moralize in some of the antique chairs of black oak ranged along the walls, in which you may suppose the cowled monks and friars have many a time reposed. To the right, is a beautiful painting of Isaac and Rebecca; and in one corner of the hall is Byron's boat. Passing through a long range of cloisters, where nothing breaks the silence but the perpetual gushing from a grey and moss-grown fountain in the quadrangle, you arrive at the present chapel, belonging to the Abbey, in which divine service is performed. Ascending a flight of winding stone stairs, you enter Byron's apartment; the furniture in which, remaining as he left it, is remarkably plain and unostentatious: in a small anti-room adjoining is the likeness of the old servant Murray, who looks as if he were about to descant, with vassal's fondness, on some chronicle of the family. The grand drawing-room at Newstead, (the roof of which is curiously and elaborately carved, and said to be six hundred years old,) is adorned with many superb paintings. The Duke of Sussex, in full court dress; the melancholy picture of Thomas Howard; Lord Arundel; and old Sir John Byron, the first owner of Newstead. The Abbey was presented to him by Henry the Eighth. He was a great favourite with the king, supporting him in all his measures; and, in return for this, when the church lands were divided, the Abbey of Newstead, and the manor of Papelham, were given to him. Near to this is the striking painting of the noble bard, by Phillips, in all the glow of youth and early genius. The library, formerly one of the aisles of the old church, has many portraits of interest; and in the state bed-room, which is adorned with tapestried furniture, may be seen the sinester aspect of Richard the Third; the innocent face of the second of that name, the murdered Charles, and his queen, Henrietta-Maria. The unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, with the undim'd look of triumph and hope, no dark foreboding of Sedgemoor has "cast its shadows before." The name of William Lord Byron, is whispered by the cicerone as you gaze on the dark countenance of this unhappy nobleman, who, after the fatal duel with his relation and neighbour, in 1765, languished out a long life at Newstead, where he died, in 1798, a prey to that remorse so well expressed by his successor:—

"The thought, where more than madness lies,
The worm that will not sleep, and never dies!"

Amongst high laurels and other evergreens leading to the gardens, which are laid out in exquisite taste, is the well-known tomb of the Poet's favourite quadruped; the concluding lines of the epitaph containing an affecting expression of the conviction he had thus early attained of the hollowness of earthly friendship:—

"In memory of a friend these stones arise,
I never found but one, and here he lies!"

The hand of taste is every where apparent; but the memory of Byron pervades the echoing halls and galleries, the ivy-clad windows and the ever-murmuring woods, where long will pilgrim-steps resort, and muse o'er genius passed away. Three miles further, and the humble village spire rises in the distance,

where, "after life's fitful fever," the dust of the Bard reposes.

Annesley Hall, two miles distant, is the next object of attraction in this neighbourhood; and how impossible to pass its "hoary threshold" without recalling Byron's "Dream," and the faithful transcript given there of his early and blighted love. Apart from all other associations, it is an interesting specimen of the genuine old English Hall, the residence of the ancient family of the Chaworth's; but here is the "antique oratory,"—the moss-grown terrace, all ivy'd o'er and grey, where the lovely and beloved, in the sunshine of life's morning, rejoiced, with eyes undim'd by tears, and hearts all redolent of hope and joy:—

"I saw two beings, in the hues of youth,
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such." • • • •

"This gentle hill" remains, and behind the dark wood near it, the mansion grey, where the memory of Byron and Mary Chaworth will remain, when no "withered eld" is left to tell, that here young affection was blighted. True, the hand of taste has been engaged in replacing decay with the modern antique, and, in the newly-constructed wing of this interesting mansion, all is cheerful, elegant, and new; but, overlooking the terrace-walk, are three ancient windows, and these give dim light to the dilapidated grandeur of a deserted drawing-room, which opens into the "antique oratory," where stood the "Boy alone,"—

"And pale, and pacing to and fro." • • • •

Opposite is an ancient dial, marking the progress of Time, the destroyer, who is already casting a grey shadow over the hour, when

"They did part with mutual smiles; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And, mounting on his steed, he went his way,
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more."

To those who love to muse in scenes which are stamped with some record of human joy or woe, how interesting is this old mansion, its moss-grown terrace, antique portraits, and the dried-up fountain in the old court-yard, planted round with flowers, where the

"Cooling waters lie
Hush'd, as the tears that flow'd in Annesley!"

Kirton Lindsey. XXXV 925 ANNE R—.

TO A LITTLE CHILD AT PLAY.

Ah! happy child, thy infant mind
But little scans the world's sad scene,
Nor thinks of grief that's hid behind
So fair and beautiful a screen.

Thy sorrows, like an April show'r,
One moment drown'd in tears,
The next, and Sol in all its pow'r
Bedeck'd with smiles appears.

Thy life is like a silver stream
On some calm summer's day;
Or like a joyous fleeting dream,
Too beautiful to stay;

Sweet child! thine is a blissful time,
Replete with happy hours;
May fortune's sun for ever shine,
And strew thy path with flowers!

J. M. BLOMFIELD.

THE DREAM,

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

(From Heath's Book of Beauty, 1840.)

"AND ye love him still, Kathleen?" "Faith I do; and sore against my will, too, sometimes: but troth, mavourneen, for the life of me I can't help it." "Yet, sure, haven't ye tould me, that he's as cross as may be when he hasn't the dhrop of dhrink, and as cross as can be when he has it, that he neglicts the childer, and snaps his fingers in ye'r face, when you want him to keep from the Dun Cow; and afther all this ye love him? Well, for my part, I'm but a lone woman, to be sure, and never knew what it was—God be praised!—to have a man on my own floor, houlding out against me, ever since I lost my poor father—pace be to his sowl!—last Christmas was eleven years; but I think I could no more bear with such traitment as you put up with, Kathleen, then I could fly." "Aragh cuish-lamachree; it is because you've been a lone woman, and have not been used to have a man on your floor, houlding out against you, that it seems so hard to bear. One gets used to every thing in the coorse of time; and many is the thing that seemed disagreeable enough at first, that has come so pleasant at last, that sure one has got to like it." "That's what my poor ould granny used to say, in regard to the snuff. 'When I began to take a smisheen at first,' said she, (may the heavens be her bed this blessed night!) 'I didn't like it much; but afther I had taken it for some time, faith I got used to it, and liked it; and many's the lonesome hour it has helped me over.'" "Well, thin, so it is with a husband's ways; one feels a saucy word, or an impudent shake of the head, just ready to answer him: but if one has the luck to keep in both, sure't will be a great blessing." "But how did ye find out the craft to keep 'em in, Kathleen; for, troth, they come so quick to me, whinever I'm vexed, that off they go, whether I will or no." "Well, then, Pegg asthore, I'll tell you how it all happened. Though, as t'was only a dhream—a simple dhream, mayhap you'll not think so seriously of it as I did. But dhreams come direct from heaven; bekase, as they appear to us when we are asleep, and can't help ourselves, it's clear that God, who always purtects the helpless, sends 'em to us. Besides, sure, though the body is asleep, the soul is awake, and can better understand the thoughts that God sends when she is not bothered by the foolish rhaumeshe* of the poor weak creature she is forced to lodge with for a time on this earth. Sure, Peggy, sleep is like death; it is a solemn and a holy thing, blessed be the giver! And as in death the truth is shewn to us, so in sleep, the truth, or the shadow of truth, may be revealed, which, in our waking hours, we are too busy with bodily wants to listen to as we ought." "Then faith, Kathleen, it's yerself that's the quare

* "Irish for idle talk."

woman to be believing in dhreams! But tell me what it was you dhreamt, avourneen." "'Twas a fine summer evening, Peggy, as ever shone out of the heavens. The bees were flitting about from flower to flower, and saying, with their playsant voices, 'What a sweet life we lade!' The birds were singing such music, that those who have once listened to it with the ears of their hearts, want no better. And the red sun was going to bed, behind purple curtains, fringed with goold, richer than any king's, when I sat at the open window,—that same window, Peggy, that you now see. The sweet smell of the flowers came to me; the brown cuckoo hopped over the field, and repeated his cry as clear as could be; the cows lowed in the distance, and every bird and baste,—ay, and the little tiny crathurs, that are smaller than the birds, might be heard too—all was so still and calm. Oh! in such summer-nights one may hear the voice of God, if one keeps one's mind quiet, and looks up to heaven; But my mind—God forgive me!—wasn't quiet, for I was vexed and angry. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'here I am, this beautiful night, and Andy promised he would come home before the sun had gone to bed; and there, he has drawn his purple curtains, and put out his blessed light, and yet the man of the house does not come to me! Sure, 'tis to the Dun Cow he's gone, to dhrink with them limbs of the devil; and this is the way that a poor woman is kept, like a mhoodaun,* watching the long hours, while he's spending the thrifle he's airn'd!' With that, up gets the anger in my breast, and the heart of me began to bate, and my cheeks got as hot as a lime-kiln. 'I'll go afther him,' says I, 'to the Dun Cow, and give him a bit of my mind—that I will!' But then I began to remember that Biddy Phelan used to go afther Mick, her husband, until he got so used to it, that he would say he couldn't go till Biddy came for him; and I said to myself, 'It shall never be said that I, a dacent girl, wint afther my husband to a shibeen shop.' 'But, thin, 'twould sarve him right, and may be taich him betther,' whispered the Evil Spirit in my ears, 'if you were to spake to him afore the wild boys he's drinking with;' and I up, and threw the tail of my gound over my shoulders, and crossed the treshold. 'If he should speak crossly to you, Kathleen, before all them chap, wouldn't it be a terrible downfal to ye!' said a little voice in my heart, no louder than the humming of a bee. 'Faith, 'tis yerself that's right enough,' said I; and I let down the tail of my gound, and began to cry like a child Well, I cried till I fell fast asleep; for though people say that sleep seldom comes to the eyes that have been shedding tears, I have always found the contrary; and I remember the last thought I had afore I slept was, 'What a baste my husband was to lave me alone, while he was spending his airnings at the Dun Cow!' I slept, and I dhreamt that I was so angry with him, that I prayed to God to take him to himself; for that I'd rather lose him intirely, than have him continually laving me to go to the Dun Cow to throw away his money. 'Well, you shall have your will, honest woman,' says Death to me; and mighty strange it was, Peggy, I did not feel in the laste afraid of Death then, though the thoughts of him ever makes me feel a could shiver when I am awake, and look at those I love. 'But remember,' says Death, 'that once I have granted your prayer, you'll never see your husband again, except a corpse.' With that I saw my poor boy laid in his bed—our bed, where I came to him a bride, and where my arm had supported his poor aching head through many a long weary hour when he had the typhus fever. His face was as pale as marble, Peggy, when the moon is shining on it in the church-yard. His hair was like the boughs of the willow, wet and drooping with the heavy dews of night; and his lips were cold and silent as the grave. Oh, God! I shall never forget what I felt, when I looked at him in that moment. I threw my arms around him—my hot tears drenched his frozen face I called him by every tender name—but he answered me not, he heeded me not. The memory of all our love—the happy hours of our courtship—and the more happy ones when I first stood on his floor as a wife, came back to me; and I thought I had never really truly loved him before, as I now did. And there he lay, with that beauty on his pale and lifeless face, that Death gives when he has struck the blow, just if he wished to make us more sorrowful for what we have lost. I thried all I could to remember how often my poor boy had vexed me, in the hopes of its stopping my grief; but—would you believe it, Peggy!—I could call to mind nothing but all the fond words and the loving actions of him, until my very heart seemed breaking, and I prayed to God either to restore him to life or to take me with him. 'Remember, woman,' said a voice that sounded like the wind when it comes sighing through a wood, when first the leaves begin to fall, 'remember that I tould you, if I granted your prayer for his death, you should never see him again but as a corpse.' Oh! how terrible did the words strike on my heart! and then I felt the fearful power of him the priest called the King of terrors. 'I'm thinking,' says he, 'tis yerself that's sorry enough for your wickedness in wishing for his death; but it's too late now. You couldn't bear to lose him for an hour or two at the Dun Cow, but now you must lose him for ever and a day. You'll see his playsant smile no more, nor hear his loving voice.' 'Andy, Andy, cuishlamachree, don't lave me! don't lave me!' cried I, like one that had lost all raison, and the big tears running down my cheeks!' 'Faith, and I won't, my darlint,' said a voice, the sound of which I never expected to hear again in this world. 'Sure, here I am, my colleen dhas;' and he

* "A fool."

hugged me against his warm heart, for it was no other than Andy himself that had come home from the Dun Cow, and all the throuble I was in about his death was a dhream. From that night I have never scoulded him, nor said a cross word about his going to the Dun Cow; for, whenever an angry thought was coming into my head, I remembered my dhream, and thanked God he wasn't dead. Oh, Peggy, dear! Such warnings as that are blessed things, and teach us to bare and forbare. Praise be to His holy name who sends em!"

SANATORIUM IN THE METROPOLIS.

An institution is projected to provide for those of the upper and middle classes who may require it, the amplest means for restoration or allevation in sickness, including not only the best medical and other attendance, but baths, suites of rooms kept at a uniform temperature, and other appliances beyond the reach even of the comparatively opulent in private dwelling-houses. The advantages of such an institution to professional and commercial men, and all whose avocations lead them to live chiefly in chambers or lodgings, are very obvious. It appears that they are capable of being realized at a very reasonable rate. By this institution, it is probable that many valuable lives may be prolonged, and much suffering avoided. A meeting on the subject was lately held, at which it was stated, that the establishment could be put into operation, with about a hundred beds, at an expense of about 3,000*l*.

USE AND ABUSE OF OPIUM.

At the first general meeting of the Royal Medico-Botanical Society, November 13th inst., Dr. Sigmond delivered a lecture on opium. The poppy (he said) is indigenous, and grows spontaneously in a large tract of Asia, but there is a farm, the *Afiouru Hasa Hissar*, where it is cultivated with great care. At particular seasons of the year, incisions are made, and the opium is collected with the knife, and thrown into gourds or basins, where it undergoes fermentation—a process which is not absolutely necessary, but is considered important, and is produced by the saliva of the labourers being cast upon it.

Though the chewing and swallowing of opium are known to have been practised many centuries ago, it is only since the year 1716 that we have become acquainted with the marvellous stories which have been repeated of the extraordinary excitement produced by opium—an excitement totally different from that caused by vinous and alcoholic drinks. Free use of wine and spirits is followed by a high degree of irritation; but the use of opium by calmness and quiescence. There is no ferocity and violence like that which succeeds the drinking of brandy to excess; nor any of that absolute dejection which is produced by whisky and gin. It is, however, succeeded by a collapse, or re-action, which develops itself in imbecility, a loathing of food, and a repugnance to all the ordinary occupations of life. A grain of opium is a medicinal dose; but the opium eater is able to increase his quantity until 200 or 300 grains are swallowed daily. The author of the *Confessions of an Opium Eater* admitted that he had taken 320 grains at a time. At the opium shops in Constantinople, the drug is administered in pills rolled up by the *marchand*, who knows his customers so well that he can vary the size of the pill to meet their respective appetites. The "patient" reclines on a sofa, takes a glass of water to wash down the pill, and in a few moments those ecstatic dreams and chimerical scenes to which they are accustomed ensue. Sometimes the person makes his way home, assuming various grotesque attitudes, being followed by shouts of derision by a mob of boys; or he recites elegant passages of poetry, and generally becomes very eloquent. In fact, the use of opium is said to be so inspiring, that some of our own public orators have had recourse to its use. The excitement having subsided, a stupor, or sopor, which lasts about eight hours, comes on, which is attended by a gnawing of the stomach, but none of that nausea consequent upon the use of vinous or alcoholic drinks. The intoxication of this drug produces an utter listlessness and dislike to everything around the individual, who cannot be happy or easy until he returns to the poison again. At length the appetite for food is destroyed, the mind becomes incapable of pursuing any study, the nervous system is quite unhinged, there is a sort of *delirium tremens*, the muscles become indolent and flaccid, and almost incapable of obeying volition, the body becomes deformed, the chest grows out, the ribs are crooked, one shoulder gets higher than the other, the vertebræ are displaced and sunken, the head falls on one side, and all kinds of horrible contortions and distortions take place, until death puts an end to the miserable existence of the opium-eater.

Dr. Sigmond then proceeded to describe the practice of opium-smoking among the Chinese, observing that by inhalation the qualities of any substance are more rapidly and effectually infused into the system than by any other mode. The attempts which had been made to cure diseases of the lungs by inhalation had, however, failed; and General Gent, who introduced the practice of smoking stramonium for asthma, fell a victim to his nostrum, and died within 24 hours after trying it. The Chinese, when he smokes opium, lies upon a couch, with his head elevated, and from a long pipe, into the bowl of which has been placed some of the drug, macerated and prepared for the purpose, he takes only one whiff, and retains the smoke for a time; then, with a skill of which

he is proud, he suffers the smoke to escape from his nostrils, ears, and eyes. The secondary effects upon the China-man are very extraordinary, but opium-smoking is attended with no delightful consequences to the natives of northern climes. The Chinese opium-smoker, on whose countenance the love of opium is written, becomes decrepit in early life, his skin appears like parchment, and if but twenty-five years old, looks full twice that age, and all the results of opium-eating become his lot. The Chinese authorities, who have repeatedly forbidden the use of this poison, describe those once accustomed to it as being "totally unable to live without it; they cannot be prevailed upon by any means to relinquish it; their faces become sharp as sparrows, and their heads sunk between their shoulders; the poison falls into their innermost vitals, physic cannot cure them, and repentance comes too late." Gutzlaff, Mr. Earle, and every other traveller who has witnessed the effects of the use of opium, have made similar statements.

Dr. Sigmond remarked, however, that morphia, which is obtained from this drug, when medicinally applied, and under proper direction, might be made to produce beneficial effects, not upon the lungs, but upon the nervous system, in certain states and stages of disease. He mentioned that the digestion would become so deadened by the use of opium that the stomach could take substances which, under ordinary circumstances, would destroy life.

There was a man named Solyman, the corrosive sublimate eater in Constantinople, who went into a chemist's shop, and took a large quantity of that substance, which he washed down with a glass of water, and went away. The apothecary, fearing that he should be punished for poisoning a Turk, shut up shop and decamped; but, after some days, hearing nothing further of the matter, he returned; and so did his customer the next day, and repeated his dose of corrosive sublimate, without injury; such was the state of inaction to which his stomach had been reduced by the use of opium.*

Dr. Sigmond having recited some more of the effects of the drug, as described by M. De Quincey, in his "Confessions," concluded by referring to the edicts which had been issued by the Chinese Government for many years past against the use of it, and observed, that though at the meetings of the Medico-Botanic Society it was not to be expected that political feelings would be at all indulged in, yet it must be admitted that no government, having the welfare of a nation at heart, would witness the progress of such a demoralizing practice without making efforts to check it; and he did not think himself wrong in saying, that if opium-smoking among the Chinese were continued, there could be little doubt that China would become an object of contempt and pity to the civilized world.

Earl Stanhope expressed himself highly gratified with the lecture. The debilitating and enervating effects of opium, his lordship observed, were such, that it appeared when a military expedition was about to be sent out by the Emperor of China, no less than four thousand men from the immediate vicinity of Canton were obliged to return to their homes, having been rendered utterly unfit for service by the use of opium. It was not to be wondered that a sovereign who watched with incessant anxiety and care for the welfare of upwards of 300,000,000 of subjects, should prohibit, under the strictest penalties, the importation of a drug so detrimental and destructive alike of mind and body, among a people the most ingenious, intelligent, and industrious that ever existed, either in ancient or modern times.

In an interesting letter, written by the authorities of China to the Queen of England, (given in the *Times* of the 19th inst.,) are some cogent reasons why the Emperor is so vigilant in destroying the opium-trade.

Mr. Felton, in his delightful work "On the Portraits of English Authors on Gardening," speaking of the *papaver somniferum*, gives the subjoined engraving of the mode of gathering Opium, from the title-page to "*Opiologia*, ou traicté concernant le naturel proprietés, vraye preparation, et seur vsage de l'opium," a favourite volume with Dr. Darwin, printed at *la Haye*, 1614, 12mo. Dr. Darwin, in his Botanical Garden, thus speaks of opium; "the finest opium is prepared by wounding the heads of large poppies with a three-edged knife, and tying muscle-shells to them, to catch the drops. In small quantities it exhilirates the mind, raises the passions, and invigorates the body; in large ones, it is succeeded by intoxication, languor, stupor, and death."—*Ed. M.*

* *The Memorial Europ.* No. 768, in speaking of Solyman, says, Lord Elgin and other Englishmen knew this extraordinary man, and heard him declare that his enjoyment after having taken this active poison, he being then of the age of 106 years, was the greatest he ever felt from any cause whatever.—*Ed. M.*

TOMB OF EDWARD V., AND HIS BROTHER RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK,

IN HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Inscription on the body of the Pedestal :—

H. S. S.

RELIQUIÆ
EDWARDI V. REGIS ANGLIÆ, ET RICHARDI DUCIS
EBORACENSIS,
HOS FRATRES GERMANOS TURRE LONDINSI CONCLUSOS
INIECTISQ CULCITRIS SUFFOCATOS
ABDITE, ET INHOSTENSE TUMULARI IUSSIT
PATRVUS RICHARDUS PERFIDUS REGNI PRÆDO
OSSA DESIDERATORUM, DIU ET MULTUM QUÆSITA
POST ANNOS CXC & I.
SCALARUM IN RUDERIBUS (SCALÆ ISTÆ AD SACELLUM
TURRIS ALBÆ RUPER DUCEBANT)
ALTE DEFOSSA, INDICIS CERTISSIMIS SUNT REPERTA
XVII DIE JULII A^o D^i. MDCLXXIIII.
CAROLUS II. REX CLEMENTISSIMUS, ACERBAM SORTEM MISERATUS
INTER AVITA MONUMENTA, PRINCIPIBUS INFELICISSIMUS
JUSTA PERSOLVIT.
ANNO DOM^i. 1679, ANNO REGNI SUI 30.

In English thus :—

"*Here lie the reliques of Edward V., King of England, and Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard the Usurper: their bones, long inquired after and wished for, after laying 201 years in the rubbish of the stairs,* (i. e. *those lately leading to the Chapel of the White Tower,*) *were, on the 7th of July,* 1674, *by undoubted proofs, discovered; being buried deep in that place. Charles II., pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate Princes to be laid amongst the reliques of their predecessors, in the year* 1679, *and the* 30*th of his reign.*"

L^m 771-440.

PORTRAITS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(*Continued from page 320.*)

40. ***Arthur Onslow.*** **[*b.* 1692; *d.* 1768.]**
A full-length portrait. He was elected Speaker of the House of Commons, [January 23, 1727-8] and created baron Onslow of Onslow, in the county of Salop, and of West-Clandon in the county of Surrey, [June 25, 1716, 2d of George I.] Presented by Admiral Onslow.

41. ***Sir Robert Cotton.*** From the old Cottonian library.

42. ***Sir Thomas Cotton.***
Son of sir Robert; the figure is in armour; he was killed at the battle of Rochelle. Presented by Mrs. H. M. Bowdler, 1826.

43. ***Edward Harley, first earl of Oxford,*** **[*b.* 1661; *d.* 1724.]**
Dressed in the robes of the garter. His lordship was one of the most able ministers of queen Anne; a great encourager of learning, and a collecter of all curious books in print and manuscript, which were preserved and augmented by his son. The collection of MSS. well known by the name of the Harleian Miscellanies, was purchased for the British Museum. Presented, in 1768, by the duchess dowager of Portland.

44. ***Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch.***

45. ***Humphrey Wanley.***
Presented by the Earl of Leicester.

46. ***Peter I., emperor of Russia.*** **[*b.* 1672; *d.* 1725.]**
From the old Cottonian library.

47. ***Frederick Augustus I., king of Poland.*** **[*b.* 1670: *d.* 1733.]**
In armour, with a purple robe and sceptre.

48. ***Charles XII., king of Sweden.*** **[*b.* 1662; *d.* 1718.]**
He was killed by a cannon-ball, at the siege of Frederickshall, in Norway.

49. ***Louis XIV., second of the house of Bourbon; surnamed the Great.*** **[*b.* 1638; *d.* 1715.]**
The figure is in armour, the order of the Fleece is suspended from his neck, and a purple mantle is thrown over the body.

*** The three last-mentioned portraits were presented by the rev. A. Planta.

50. ***An unknown portrait.***
In ruff and beard; on panel; "Ætatis suæ 59, 1608."

51. ***Francis Bacon, viscount St. Alban.*** **[*b.* 1561; *d.* 1626.]**
Of the advancement and ruin of this great philosopher, lawyer, and politician, the space allotted to these brief notices will not admit of amplification.
The painting was presented by Dr. A. Gifford.

52. ***John Churchill, first duke of Marlborough.*** **[*b.* 1650; *d.* 1722.]**
He is decorated with the star of the Garter; the coat is of blue velvet, with a crimson robe.

53. ***Andrew Marvel.*** **[*b.* 1620; *d.* 1678.]**
Born at Kingston-upon-Hull, and sent to Trinity Col. Cambridge, [1633,] at the expense of the corporation; in 1657, he was appointed assistant to Milton, as Latin secretary, by Cromwell. This statesman, wit, and poet, was a fine example of genuine patriotism; he manfully supported the liberties of his country, by his writings and by his parliamentary interest. When Charles the Second wished to buy-up this real lover of his country, he sent lord Danby, his treasurer, to him, with an earnest of the purchase-money. His lordship was the bearer of a thousand guineas, and having found Marvel at his lodging, a second floor in the Strand [some accounts say in Holborn]; the golden offer was made. Hereupon, we are told, Marvel turned to his servant, "What had I for dinner yesterday?" "A shoulder of mutton, sir." "And what do you allow me to-day?" "Part of it hashed." "And to-morrow, my lord Danby," said Marvel, "I shall have the sweet bladebone broiled." His lordship descended the staircase with the thousand guineas, and Andrew Marvel remained unbought. This great man, having served his constituents for twenty successive years in parliament, was buried at their expense in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. It is said, Marvel was the last person in the country who received wages from his constituents. There is an affecting story extant, relative to the death of the father of Marvel, in 1640.
The above portrait is, no doubt, an original; it was so esteemed by Mr. Hollis, and other competent judges of his day; but it is not so fine a picture as the one at the Trinity House, Kingston-upon-Hull. We do not mean to say the British Museum ought not to possess this treasure, but, that it is more fitting the interior of the House of Commons should be illumined with this portrait of the most strenuous and incorruptible statesman the world ever beheld.
Presented by Robert Nettleton, esq., governor of the Russia Company.

54. ***Dr. Francis Turner, bishop of Ely.*** **[*d.* 1700.]**
Was bishop of Rochester, 1683; Ely, 1684; and one of the seven bishops committed to the Tower [1688], for petitioning the king against the "Declaration for liberty of Conscience;" notwithstanding which, on the accession of William and Mary, he was deprived of his bishopric for refusing to take the oaths.

55. ***George, lord Anson.*** **[*b.* 1700; *d.* 1762.]**
The celebrated circumnavigator. This picture was presented in 1814, by the earl of Hardwick.

56. ***Dr. Thomas Burnet.*** **L. L. D. [*b.* 1635; *d.* 1715.]**
Was master of the Charter-house. Among his works, the most celebrated was, "The sacred Theory of the Earth," originally published in Latin, 2v. 4to.

57. ***James Usher, archbishop of Armagh.*** **[*b.* 1580; *d.* 1656.]**
He took a prominent part in the troubles of his times; and although a Presbyterian, was in favour with James I.; and, it is said, Cromwell paid the expenses of his funeral.
Presented by Dr. Gifford.

58. ***Henry Stebbing.*** **D. D. [*b.* 1687; *d.* 1763.]**
Distinguished himself greatly in the Bangorian controversy, for which bishop Sherwood made him chancellor of Salisbury.
Presented by his grandson, Henry Stebbing, esq., 1813.

59. ***An unknown portrait.***
A skull in the right hand; on panel; "Ætatis suæ 24. Ao. 1569."

60. ***Sir Henry Spelman.*** **[*b.* 1562; *d.* 1641.]**
Sir H. Ellis, no mean authority, so designates the above portrait.
Presented by Dr. Gifford.

61. ***Geoffry Chaucer.*** **[*b.* 1328; *d.* 1400.]**
A small whole-length portrait, on panel. It is a very curious and highly valuable resemblance of this Father of English Poetry: we esteem it one of the gems of the collection.

62. ***Martin Luther.*** **[*b.* 1483; *d.* 1546.]**
Dated 1546; "Ætatis 63. jear." In the corner of the picture is a heart with a cross.

63. ***William Cecil, first lord Burleigh.*** **[*b.* 1521; *d.* 1598.]**
A fine portrait of that profound and honest minister of the discerning Elizabeth. It is painted on panel by Zucchero; and presented by Dr. Gifford.

64. *Sir William Dugdale.* [*b.* 1605; *d.* 1686.]

He published the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, which was all written by Dodsworth, but digested by Dugdale: he was the author of many other invaluable works; and his collections of materials for the Antiquities of Warwickshire and Baronage of England, all written with his own hand, contained in 27 vols. in folio, he gave by will to the University of Cambridge. He died Garter King of Arms.

65. *Matthew Prior.* [*b.* 1664; *d.* 1721.]

By Hudson, from the original of Richardson.

Presented by the earl of Beaborough, 1775.

66. *William Cambden.* [*b.* 1551; *d.* 1623.]

The work which immortalized his name is his 'Britannia," it appeared in 1568, in Latin. He was styled, by foreigners, the *Pausanias* of England.

The portrait is on panel, "Ætatis 58."

67. *An unknown portrait.*

In one corner is written, "J. Ray." Said to be painted by Mrs. Beale; and bequeathed by Sir William Watson.

68. *An unknown portrait.*

A youth, of the time of Charles I.

69. *Sir Isaac Newton.* [*b.* 1642; *d.* 1727.]

A whole-length portrait of one of the greatest geniuses that ever appeared in the world.

He is sitting at a table, on which is a globe and books.

Bequeathed [1821] by John Hatsell, esq., clerk of the House of Commons.

70. *John Speed.* [*b.* 1555; *d.* 1629.]

This most celebrated antiquarian assisted Cambden; and it is a little extraordinary that he, and the other famous historian, John Stow, were both tailors.

71. *Rev. John Ray.* [*b.* 1628; *d.* 1705.]

This celebrated naturalist was the author of many works on Natural History; but the "Fasciculus Stirpium Britannicarum;" and "Synopsis Methodica Stirpium Britannicarum," proved the great corner-stones of his reputation. A lasting monument has been dedicated to the memory of this great English naturalist in the genus of plants, which bears his name, the RAJANA.

This portrait belonged to Sir Hans Sloane.

72. *Thomas, archbishop of Cranmer.* [*b.* 1498; *burnt at the stake,* 1556.]

He is at a table in study, and has a powdered band and black skull cap. It is painted by Gerlach Flicke; and presented to the Museum by John Mitchell, esq., M. P.

73. *George Buchanan.* [*b.* 1506; *d.* 1582.]

This celebrated Scotch historian and poet, wrote 'Detectio Mariæ Reginæ,' [1571]; 'De jure Regni,' [1579]; 'Historiæ Scotiæ,' besides several poems in Latin, and many translations.

74. *William Shakspeare.* [*b.* 1564; *d.* 1616.]

This is, in all probability, a portrait of some other person; but it is so called in the synopsis: it was presented by M. Maty, M. D. 1760.

75. *An unknown portrait.*

76. *Voltaire.* [*b.* 1694; *d.* 1778.]

When shall we behold a faithful portrait, devoid of caricature, of this prodigy of learning? Certainly, Voltaire was never handsome, but intolerant bigotry has depictured him with a face more like a shrivelled mummy, than a countenance developing all the fire and zeal of a truly splendid intellectual mind.

Presented by M. Maty, M. D., 1760.

77. *A portrait, said to be Charles I., when prince of Wales.*

It was presented, in 1759, to the Museum by Mrs. Elizabeth Cambarini.

Andrew Vesalius. [*b. circa* 1512 *or* 1514; *d.* 1564.]

This eminent anatomist was descended from a family of physicians, and his whole life carries a character of romance about it. He practised as a physician in Paris, 1567; he became physician to Philip II. of Spain, where he had the misfortune to anatomize the body of a man who proved not to have been dead, but died in consequence; this brought him under the jurisdiction of the Inquisition, who ordered him on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and he died on his return, at Zante. Thuanus says, his knowledge of anatomy was so great, that place any bone of the human body in his hand, blindfolded, he would tell to what part it belonged. The principal of his works is the treatise 'De Humani Corporis Fabricâ.'

The above portrait was painted by Sir Antonio More.

79. *An unknown portrait.*

Of the time of Charles I., believed to be Frederick Henry, prince of Orange.

80. *Anna Maria Schurman.* [*b.* 1607; *d.* 1678.]

This celebrated German lady was distinguished for her learning; she spoke Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, French, English, and Italian, and wrote the Syriac character beautifully. She was the author of many learned works.

Her picture is by John Lievens, and has been engraved.

81. *George, tenth and last earl mareschal of Scotland.*

One of the adherents of the unfortunate Stewarts; he died in exile, at Rome, where this portrait was painted. It was presented by lord Glenbervie.

82. *Sir Antonio More.* [*b.* 1519; *d.* 1575.]

This celebrated painter's works are in the style of Holbein.

83. *John Baptist Emilius Altieri, pope Clement X.* [*b.* 1590; *d.* 1676.]

(To be continued.)

THE JEW'S LOVE OF JUDÆA.

THE most interesting circumstance which presents itself to my mind, in recalling what I saw of the Hebrew nation in the East, is the universal diffusion of the love, the undying love, of the Jews for their own Judæa, the Canaan of their fathers. Who could see, without emotion, thousands of poor Israelites, who, from the remotest parts of Europe, have made their way, by long and weary pilgrimage,—through privations incalculable, and suffering without end, —often shoeless, and almost clotheless,—friendless, pennyless, that they might see the city of David, and lay their bones in the bosom of Jerusalem! What multitudes are there among them, who have sold their last possession,—having gathered together their little, their insufficient all, and have started, marching towards the rising sun from the Vistula, the Dnieper, and the Danube, on a journey as long as perilous! How many have perished, exhausted, on the way! How many, that have landed at Joppa, or crossed the Taurus, at Antioch, have been unable, from over-exhaustion, to reach their longed-for goal! How many have sunk in sight of the Mount of Olives! and how many have closed their eyes in peace and blessedness, when the privilege has been vouchsafed to them of treading within the walls of Salem!—*Dr. Bowring.*

New Books.

Alciphron: a Poem, by Thomas Moore.

(*Concluded from page* 324.)

[We treated our readers, last week, with some of the delicate cadences of this fair Poem, and whispered promises of a further draught, on this, the succeeding, week: sedulously attentive, therefore, to their pleasures, we have, during the interval, again been busy in drawing from the golden Wells of this enchanted Poesy —the lymph is sparkling, and potable as nectar —nunc est bibendum—let their thirsty expectations be assuaged.]

Conjectures on the Pyramids.

"And who can say, among the written spells
From Hermes' hand, that, in these shrines and cells
Have, from the Flood, lay hid, there may not be
Some secret clue to immortality,
Some amulet, whose spell can keep life's fire
Awake within us, never to expire!
'Tis known that, on the Emerald Table, hid
For ages in yon loftiest pyramid,
The Thrice-Great* did himself, engrave, of old,
The chymic mystery that gives endless gold.
And why may not this mightier secret dwell
Within the same dark chambers? who can tell
But that those kings, who, by the written skill
Of th' Emerald Table, call'd forth gold at will,
And quarries upon quarries heap'd and hurl'd,
To build them domes that might outstand the world—
Who knows but that the heavenlier art, which shares
The life of Gods with man, was also theirs—
That they themselves triumphant o'er the power
Of fate and death, are living at this hour;
And these, the giant homes they still possess,
Not tombs, but everlasting palaces,
Else, why those deathless structures? why the grand
And hidden halls, that undermine this land?"

The Pyramids at Sunset.

Already the sun bids
His evening farewell to the Pyramids,
As he hath done, age after age, till they
Alone on earth seem ancient as his ray;
While their great shadows, stretching from the light,
Look like the first colossal steps of Night,
Stretching across the valley, to invade
The distant hills of porphyry with their shade.

Exquisite Dancers.

In drapery, like woven snow,
These nymphs were clad, and each, below
The rounded bosom, loosely wore
A dark blue zone, or baudelet,
With little silver stars all o'er,
As are the skies at midnight, set.
While in their tresses, braided through,
Sparkled the flower of Egypt's lakes,
The silvery lotus, in whose hue
As much delight the young Moon takes,
As doth the Day-God to behold
The lofty bean-flower's buds of gold.
And as they gracefully went round
The worshipp'd bird, some to the beat
Of castanets, some to the sound
Of the shrill sistrum tim'd their feet;
While others, at each step they took,
A tinkling chain of silver shook.

The Pyramids at Night.

Waked from my trance, I saw o'erhead—
As if by some enchanter bid,
Suddenly from the wave to rise—
Pyramid over pyramid
Tower in succession to the skies;

While one, aspiring, as if soon
'Twould touch the heavens, rose o'er all;
And, on its summit, the white moon
Rested, as on a pedestal!

A Chaste Picture.

Upon the crystal, o'er the breast
Of her who took that silent rest,
There was a cross of silver lying—
Another type of that blest home,
Which hope, and pride, and fear of dying
Build for us in a world to come:—
This silver cross the maiden rais'd,
To her pure lips:—then, having gazed
Some minutes on that tranquil face,
Sleeping in all death's mournful grace,
Upwards she turn'd her brow serene,
As if, intent on heaven, those eyes
Saw then nor roof nor cloud between
Their own pure orbits and the skies;
And, though her lips no motion made,
And that fix'd look was all her speech,
I saw that the rapt spirit prayed
Deeper within than words could reach.

Songs of the Well.

Dost thou remember, in that Isle
Of our own Sea, where thou and I
Linger'd so long, so happy a while,
Till all the summer flowers went by—
How, by it was when sunset brought
To the cool Well our favourite maids—
Some we had won, and some we sought—
To dance within the fragrant shades,
And, till the stars went down, attune
Their Fountain Hymns* to the young moon?

The Pyramids opened, and Alciphron's descent.

Wonders on wonders; sights that lie
Where never sun gave flow'ret birth;
Bright marvels hid from th' upper sky,
And mysteries that are born and die
Deep in the very heart of earth!

* * * *

Now faint and fainter I could see
Nought but the mouth of a huge well,
Gaping athwart my onward track,—
A reservoir of darkness, black
As witches' caldrons are, when filled
With moon-drugs in th' eclipse distill'd.
Leaning to look if foot might pass
Down through that chasm, I saw, beneath,
As far as vision could explore,
The jetty sides all smooth as glass,
Looking as if just varnish'd o'er
With that dark pitch the Sea of Death
Throws out upon its slimy shore.

* * * *

Yet, urged along by the wild heat
That can do all things but retreat,
I placed my lamp,—which for such task
Was aptly shaped, like cap or casque,
To fit the brow,—firm on my head,
And down into the darkness went.

* * * *

And oh the scene, now opening through!
Those bars that all but sight denied!—
A long, fair alley, far as view
Could reach away, along whose side
Went, lessening to the end, a row
Of rich arcades, that from between
Their glistening pillars, sent a glow
Of countless lamps, burning unseen,
And that still air, as from a spring
Of hidden light, illumining.
While—soon as the wild echoes rous'd
From their deep haunts again were hous'd,—
I heard a strain of holy song
Breathing from out the bright arcades
Into that silence—where, among
The high sweet voices of young maids,
Which, like the small and heav'n-ward spire
Of Christian temples, crown'd the choir.

* The Hermes Trismegistus.

* These Songs of the Well, as they were called by the ancients, are still common in the Greek tales.

The Purification by Fire.

My pathway led
Between two hedges of live flame,—
Trees all on fire, whose branches shed
A glow that, without noise or smoke,
Yet strong as from a furnace, broke;
While o'er the glaring ground between,
Where my sole, onward path was seen,
Hot iron bars, red as with ire,
Transversely lay—such as, they tell,
Compose that trellis-work of fire,
Through which the Doom'd look out in hell."

To linger there was to be lost—
More and still more the burning trees
Clos'd o'er the path; and as I crust—
With tremour both in heart and knees—
Fixing my foot where'er a space
'Twixt the red bars gave resting-place,
Above me, each quick burning tree,
Tamarind, Balm of Araby,
And Egypt's Thorn combined to spread
A roof of fire above my head.
Yet safe—or with but harmless scorch—
I trod the flaming ordeal through.

The Purification by Water.

'Twas a long struggle—oft I thought,
That, in that whirl of waters caught,
I must have gone, too weak for strife,
Down, headlong, at the cataract's will—
Sad fate for one, with heart and life
And all youth's sunshine round him still!
But, ere my torch was wholly spent,
I saw,—outstretching from the shade
Into those waters, as if meant
To lend the drowning struggler aid—
A slender, double balustrade,
With snow-white steps between, ascending
From the grim surface of the stream,
Far up as eye could reach, and ending
In darkness there, like a lost dream.

The Purification by Air.

Just as, beneath my tottering stand,
Steps, railway, all, together went,
I touch'd a massy iron ring,
That there—by what kind genius sent
I know not—in the darkness hung;
And grasping it as drowners cling
To the last hold, so firm I clung,
And through the void suspended swung.

Sudden, as if that mighty ring
Were link'd with all the winds in heav'n,
And, like the touching of a spring,
My eager grasp had instant given
Loose to all blasts that ever spread
The shore or sea with wrecks and dead—
Around me, gusts, gales, whirlwinds rang
Tumultuous, and I seem'd to hang
Amidst an elemental war.
I found myself, at the wild will
Of countless whirlwinds, caught aloft,
And round and round, with fearful swing,
Swept, like a stone-shot in a sling!
So ceaselessly I thus was whirled,—
To think my limbs were chained upon
That wheel of the Infernal World.
To turn which, day and night, are blowing
Hot, withering winds, that never slumber;
And whose sad rounds, still going, going,
Eternity alone can number!

Memoirs of Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans. By Mrs. Cornwell Baron-Wilson, 2 vols. 8vo.

(*Continued from page* 336.)

[WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY praises one of our English princes, solely for the facetiæ and familiar pleasantries of his style and manner; and truly, for the self-same quality, do these interesting memoirs appear estimable to us. Penned though they be by a poetess, they are altogether destitute of set phrase or beflowered diction, but appear in an easy simplicity, precisely adapted to good biographical narration. We confess ourselves equally in love both with the Lady, of whom, and by whom, they are written.]

Her Satin Shoes at Jewish Feast.

Miss Mellon was a great favourite with a wealthy Jewish family, in humble life, named Emanuel, who invited her to a grand dinner and ball, given after the marriage of some member of the family. So mighty an occasion required the dignity of Miss Mellon's one white satin gown, and the extravagance of fresh white shoes and gloves, which caused sad devastation in her weekly salary; but her Hebrew friends were not married every day, therefore, she reconciled herself to the alarming expenditure. On arriving at the hotel, she found the drawing-room filled with dark, clever-looking guests, the ladies wearing earrings, shoe-buckles, gown-loops,—mixed with every coloured gem, and mostly displayed on brightly-coloured dresses! On the repast being announced, she was handed into the dining-room by some "dark individual;" and found two wide tables laid out for more than a hundred guests. Miss Mellon, while seated, advanced her foot by chance, and finding a footstool, gladly took possession of it. Strange to relate, she found it too warm to endure! and while sliding her delicate satin shoes from such a dangerous neighbourhood, she felt herself splashed excessively. In despair for the fate of her satin dress, she could eat no dinner, wondering what had happened. When the ladies rose, she resolved to ascertain what it was, and pretending to stoop for her glove, peeped beneath the cloth, and discovered *an enormous roast goose*, the gravy of which had so injured her satin robe and shoes! As far as her momentary glance could extend, she saw dishes of viands all the way under the table; which so amused her, that she laughingly told it all to her Hebrew neighbour. He and his friends were prettily angry at this, and as soon as the ladies departed, all the attendants were summoned, and the doors locked on them. On examination, it was found that each had pockets of leather within his coat, to convey home the savoury dainties they had surreptiously obtained from the table, after it was laid out. They were doomed to have a foretaste of these treasures; for one of the younger guests, delighted at their consternation, took the liberty of throwing a cold pie at one of the culprits; an example which was so quickly followed, that, when the cold missiles were exhausted, they seized on the warm ones; and the attendants were glad to dive under the tables, and take the place of the abstracted dishes! When all was thrown, Miss Mellon's "dark friend" sought her instantly, to relate the capital revenge they had taken; but the poor actress, prevented from enjoying the

anticipated ball, thought to herself, as she moped in a corner, "Yes, very fine revenge, but it does not give me my dinner, my dance, my dress, nor my shoes!"

The Cabbage Man's Compliment.

The Duchess of Devonshire used to quote the dustman's compliment to her eyes as the most flattering one she ever received. Miss Mellon used to say the only civil speech made to her, which was worth remembering, was from two old men selling vegetables in Covent-garden, as she and her friend passed. "There's a pair of sisters," said one observer; "the tallest one a king might marry." Miss Mellon felt quite envious of her friend's success; until the second man of cabbages exclaimed, "Yes, so he might; but as for the dark-eyed one, I would marry her myself;" which he evidently thought the higher lot!

Her Pains-taking for Mrs. Coutts.

About a year before the decease of Mrs. Coutts, she suffered from failure of appetite, and her physicians prescribed for her new-laid eggs *at Christmas*. The London dealers received applications in vain; being a very severe season, the luxury could not be commanded.

Mr. Coutts and his daughters stated their dilemma to Miss Mellon, who also despaired of success, but determined to leave no place untried. The next morning she went before breakfast around the environs of Holly Lodge, and visited every little hovel where there was even one starved-looking fowl; after vainly asking for new-laid eggs, she promised a large reward if they could procure *one* for her by a certain hour each morning.

Four or five mornings she went, everywhere without success; at the end of that time she met a little boy looking out anxiously for her, bringing a snowy egg, as warm as if it had been placed by the fire. Miss Mellon, delighted at her success, covered the egg in her little satin basket, and ran all through a heavy-ploughed field, without stopping, until she reached home, and despatched a messenger to London with the prize.

Every morning now the little boy was regularly found sitting on a style, expecting her. At length she happened to go earlier than usual, and not finding the child at his post, proceeded to the prolific cottage, and there discovered what extraordinary pains had been taken. The wretched hens, hitherto starving in the cold, had been promoted to the cottage fire; a dish of warm meal and milk constantly awaited their pleasure, and the cupboards on each side of the fire were provided with deep nests made of wool. The miserable birds, who had ceased laying during the cold weather, fancied from those luxuries that summer must be come again, and that their best plan was to recommence! This they did accordingly, for the gain of their owners, the pleasure of Miss Mellon, and the benefit of poor old Mrs. Coutts.

Miss Mellon's first Dream.

There are two anecdotes of her *dreams*, often mentioned by herself, and attested to this day by those to whom they were related. The interpretation given to these visions by two different dream-readers, both parties have lived to see verified. One was a dream which haunted her with peculiar vividness for a length of time; and when her dresser and *coiffeur* were preparing her for the theatre, she used to tell them of the nightly recurrence of the dream,—viz., "that she was tried for her life, sentenced to be hanged, and was actually executed!" The hair-dresser, considered skilful in the internal vagaries of the head as well as its external decoration, used to say, "it was a fine dream, indicating she was to be a grand lady, and to hold her head very high, perhaps to attend the court."

Her second Dream.

The other to which she attached so much value, was a long history about wandering through a castle, in which were chambers full of gems, some rooms being studded with rubies, some with pearls, diamonds, and other jewels, besides heaps of coins. Fearful of being found among such treasures, she retraced her steps, but discovered that two black lions had been chained to the portals during her absence. After much terror, at length she thought that, as she had entered by chance, it was immaterial if she were recognised; so she rushed out between the lions, who sprung at her without doing injury; but on looking back at them while running, she reached a river and fell in, the fright of which awoke her.

A coach-builder, accounted a famous dream-expounder, wrote out his interpretation at the time, and the duchess, who always retained the paper, said it had shadowed forth accurately her future career—viz., that she had to encounter considerable temptation, suffer from malignity, and ultimately pass through all dangers in purity and safety.

[Here is an instance of this young lady's genuine country simplicity, which occurred during their temporary stay in the Strand, when they first came to London.]

On the second day after their arrival, Harriot, enchanted with the little "snatch" of the London sights she had on the preceding day, in spite of her mother's strict injunction, resolved to venture out, and walk on in a straight line for a short distance, when she would return.

She set forth towards the city, and walked on, till she arrived at a large place with pillars, and having statues of kings and queens (which she afterwards discovered was the Royal Exchange,) and there she began to feel very weary, but no sooner did she experience fatigue, than a kind old gentleman, with a bunch of hay in his hand, inquired, "Did she want a coach?" This was the very thing she required; so she told the old coachman he

was to "drive her all over London, and then bring her home."—"La' love ye, Miss," said the man, "that would cost ye a sight of money."—"But look here, sir," said she, producing her purse, "I have a shilling to pay you." The good-tempered old Jehu, wondering at her simplicity, said, "Ah, miss, I can only set you down a quarter of the way home for that money; but get in, and we'll see about it." To her infinite delight, she was established in a jingling old carriage, whence she glanced at the bright shops as it hurried past, until the driver stopped, and announced that he had exceeded the shilling fare. What was she to do! fatigued, without money, and (worst of all,) not having as yet seen enough of beautiful London, she inquired, with tears in her eyes, "Would not dear old Mr. Coachman put her on just another street!" Having ascertained that she was but just arrived in London, the kind-hearted man, shaking up his multitudinous capes, said, "Well, then, sit still, and don't cry, my dear; bless your pretty face; I've got daughters myself, and I'd rather drive you half over Lunnun than leave 'e to find your way alone!" And he actually drove her the entire distance to her own home, saying, as he let her out, "This is a bad job, but I must take it out of another fare. Now don't you go out by y'rself never no more in Lunnun, 'cause you won't find many such fools as me."

Her little Superstitions.

Mrs. Entwisle had brought her up with the belief of the superstitious customs attached to certain days, omission of which would infallibly bring ill luck; and, therefore, the Christmas mince-pie, Shrove Tuesday pancakes, Easter tansy-pudding, or Michaelmas-goose, must be tasted, though in ever so small a quantity. An anecdote regarding the latter has been sent us by an individual who recollects her in New-street. To him she regretted bitterly that, on her first metropolitan 29th of September, she should not be able to purchase a goose, for the sake of tasting a small portion to bring good luck. He adds, that the girlish delight she felt was excessive, on being informed that at some cook-shop near Drury Lane she might purchase even *one quarter*, from the dish she only desired for its consequent good fortune.

Her Inaugural Lecture before Sheridan.

As a specimen of her declamation, he requested her to read the scenes of *Lydia Languish* and *Mrs. Malaprop* aloud, from his own play of the Rivals.

She felt greatly frightened, and answered, with the naïve, unaffected manner which she retained through life, "I *dare* not, sir, for my life! I would rather read it to all England. Suppose, sir, you did me the honour of reading it to me!"

There was something so unassuming and child-like in the way she made this daring request, that the manager entered into the oddity of the matter, and read nearly the whole play to his delighted young auditor. She became so identified with the drama, that she forgot all dread of the author, and, on his request, she read the scenes of Lydia and her Aunt with so much spirit, that Mr. Sheridan "applauded" repeatedly, told her she could play either character, and gave her an engagement!

Defended by John Kemble.

Mr. Kelly, who had been greatly annoyed that the choruses were not (in his opinion,) loud enough, found fault with several of the singers for their want of exertion; and, among others, with Miss Mellon, saying, "he could not hear her; and if ladies did not choose to sing above their breaths, they might as well sing over the music at home."

Miss Mellon replied, that "she sung as loud as she could; but she did not profess to be a fine vocalist."

Mr. Kelly, sorry for having singled her out, replied, that he did not allude particularly to her; and so far the matter rested.

A day or two passed, and still these unfortunate choruses were executed in such a faint way that Mr. Kelly was again angry, and decidedly out of temper; and he insisted on hearing each singer separately, in one particular chorus. Now, although Miss Mellon could take parts in simple glees, she never affected to sing difficult concerted music; and when it came to her turn, she sung so very faintly that it appeared really as if it proceeded from unwillingness. Mr. Kelly was about to say something very severe, when John Kemble came to the rescue. "Come, come, Mr. Kelly," said he, "Miss Mellon is never inattentive to her business, and it is not her fault if she be 'ill at these numbers!'"

(*To be concluded in our next.*) 357.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

A POACHER was caught and taken before Voltaire. "The rogue must be defended," said he; and he named Wagnière as his counsel, who refused, however, from I know not what motive, and M. Mailly-Chateaurenaud, then Voltaire's second secretary, under the name of M. Esprit, was ordered to replace him. In the midst of his pleading, M. Esprit stopped suddenly, and said he wanted a volume to read a quotation, that this volume was in the library of M. de Voltaire, and that he could find it in a moment; the high justiciary allowed him to go for it. On his return, as he kept turning over the leaves in vain without speaking, Voltaire lost his patience, and asked what book it was. "It is your *Philosophical Dictionary*," coolly replied M. Chateaurenaud; "I am looking for the word *Humanity* there, and I find you have forgotten it." Voltaire was struck by this remark, and dismissed the poacher with a present of six francs. It is a fact that the word Humanity is not in the *Philosophical Dictionary*.

The Gatherer.

Lately, at Glenarkled, Buchanan parish, Peter M'Nab, at the age of 107. A few days ago, his neighbour, Donald M'Gowan, died, aged 91. They were both stout men of their age. They took great delight in talking about Prince Charles, of whom they used to tell many strange stories. Glenarkled lies between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and has been long distinguished for the longevity of its inhabitants.—*Glasgow Argus.*

Institution of Musical Degrees.—In the year 1463, Henry Habington was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Music at Cambridge; and about the same year, Thomas Saintwix, a Doctor in Music, was made master of King's College in that University.—*The Musical World.*

Statement of the Imports and Exports of the four chief cities and towns in Ireland.—Dublin imports, 4,400,000*l.*; exports, 2,600,000*l.* Cork, imports, 2,750,000*l.*; exports, 2,900,000*l.* Waterford, imports, 1,572,000*l.*; exports, 2,660,000*l.* Belfast, imports, 3,750,000*l.*; exports, 4,400,000*l.* Thus it appears that Belfast is by far the most flourishing town in Ireland. —*Belfast News Letter.*

Formerly, young women in Spain did not cover the head before marriage: *Moças en cabello*, a proverb, signifying literally, "Maids in their own hair." Many adult females have contrived to be acknowledged, or taken, as wives, to entitle them to wear a woman's headdress, lest they should be left bare-headed (*en cabello*) in old age.

Postage.—It appears that the present average cost of transit per letter, is 28·100dths of a penny; the number of letters and newspapers passing through the general post-office annually, is about 126,000,000, and the net annual revenue or profit derived therefrom, averages 1,500,000*l.*

Appalling Fact.—In North America, where "civil contract marriages" prevail, in the state of Connecticut alone there were no less than five hundred divorces in a circuit.

The quantity of foreign walnuts imported into London this season is unprecedented. In the course of a fortnight, the steam-packets running between Antwerp and the Thames, have brought no fewer than 2,400 baskets filled with this description of fruit.

Lady Esther Stanhope.—A letter from Berlin, in the *Liepsic Gazette*, states that Prince Pueckler Muskau is, by the will of Lady Esther Stanhope, her sole heir and universal legatee, and that he is on the point of disposing of all the property left by the deceased.

A lady once complimented Dr. Johnson on there being no indecent words in his dictionary —"What! you've been looking for them have you!" exclaimed the lexicographer.

The more simply life is supported, and the less stimulus we use, the better.—*Dr. Paris.*

Some men are like musical glasses; to produce their finest tones you must keep them wet.—*Coleridge.*

Richard III. was the only monarch since the Conquest that had fallen in battle, and the second that fought in his crown, which, falling off in the engagement, was found and secreted in a bush, where it was discovered, and placed upon Henry's head by Lord Stanley. Hence arises the device of a crown in a hawthorn bush, at each end of Henry's tomb, in Westminster Abbey.—*Ince's Outlines of English History.*

Madras is famous for its roads, which are made of Laterite, or the Iron Jelly-stone, which combines into a hard mass when beaten or watered.

The number of prisoners under 17 years of age, confined in the prisons of England and Wales, in the course of last year, was 11,441 males, and 2,156 females.

Plain Truth.—A town beggar was very importunate with a rich miser, whom he accosted in the following phrase: "Pray, Sir, bestow your charity; good, dear Sir, bestow your charity."—"Prithee, friend, be quiet," replied the miser, "I have it not."

Steam Navigation.—The whole number of steam-vessels employed in this country and its dependencies, is calculated to amount to from 859 to 900, comprising 170,000 tons, and 70,000 horse power; and the capital embarked in this species of property amounts to not less than 8,000,000*l.*

Aim High.—A high standard—an elevated aim—this is the safeguard of character, and the mainspring of excellence. This makes the skilful mechanic, the enterprising merchant, the useful citizen, the learned jurist, the eloquent orator, the wise statesman.—*Dr. Hawes.*

Live and let live.—A quaker apothecary meeting Dr. Fothergill, thus accosted him:—"Friend Fothergill, I intend dining with thee to day."—"I shall be glad to see thee," answered the doctor; "but pray, friend, hast thou not some joke?"—"No joke, indeed," rejoined the apothecary, "but a very serious matter. Thou hast attended friend Ephriam these three days, and ordered him no medicine. I cannot, at this rate, live in my own house, and must come to live in thine." The doctor took the hint, and prescribed handsomely for the benefit of his friend Ephriam, and his friend Leach into the bargain.

A hearty laugh occasionally is an act of wisdom; it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brain, and the hypochondria from his ribs.

Lately, in Italy, a woman, at the advanced age of 143 years, after having eight husbands, the last of whom, lucky fellow! survived her.

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